

**Ferdinand.**  
Great Deputie, the Welkins Vicegerent, and sole dominator of Nauar, my soules earths God, and bodies fostering patrons:

**Cos.** Not a vword of Cosard yet.

**Ferd.** So it is.

**Cos.** It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is in telling true: but so.

**Ferd.** Peace,

**Clo.** Be to me, and every man that dares not fight.

**Ferd.** No words,

**Clo.** Of other mens secrets I beseech you.

**Ferd.** So it is beseged with sable coloured melancholie, I did commend the blacke oppressing humour to the most wholesome Physicke of thy health-giving ayre: And as I am a Gentleman, betooke my selfe to walke: the time when? about the first houre, when beasts most graze, birds best pecke, and men sit downe to that nourishment which is called supper: So much for the time when. Now for the ground which? which I meane I walke upon, it is yeliped, Thy Parke. Then for the place where? where I meane I did encounter that obscure and most preposterous cunct that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon coloured Inke, which heere thou viewest, beholdest, suruayest, or seest. But to the place where? It standeth North North-east and by East from the West corner of thy curious knotted garden: There did I see that low spirited Swaine, that base Mimow of thy myrth, (Crown mee?) that vntethered small knowing soule, (Crown mee?) that shallow vassall (Crown mee?) which as I remember, bight Cosard, (Crown mee?) sorted and confortd contrary to thy established proclaimed Editt and Continent, Cannon: Which with, & with this I passion to say wherewith:

**Clo.** With a Wench.

**Ferd.** With a childe of our Grandmother Eve, a female; or for thy more sweet understanding a woman: him, I (as my euer esteemed dutie pricketh me on) haue sent to thee, to receiue the meed of punishment by thy sweet Graces Officer Anthony Dull, a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, & estimation.

**Anth.** Me, an't shall please you? I am Anthony Dull.

**Ferd.** For Iaqueretta (so is the weaker vessell called) which I apprehended with the aforesaid Swaine, I keepe her as a vessell of thy Lawes furie, and shall at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to triall. Thine in all complements of deuoted and heart-burning heat of dutie.

**Don Adriana de Armado.**

**Ben.** This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that euer I heard.

**Ferd.** It the best, for the worst. But sirra, What say you to this?

**Clo.** Sir I confesse the Wench.

**Ferd.** Did you heare the Proclamation?

**Clo.** I doe confesse much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

**Ferd.** It was proclaimed a yeeres imprisonment to bee taken with a Wench.

**Clo.** I was taken with none sir, I was taken with a Damofell.

**Ferd.** Well, it was proclaimed Damofell.

**Clo.** This was no Damofell neyther sir, there was a Virgin.

**Ferd.** It is so varried to, for it was proclaimed Virgin.

**Clo.** If it were, I denie her Virginitie: I was taken with a Maide.

**Ferd.** This Maide will not serue your turne sir.

**Clo.** This Maide will serue my turne sir.

**Kim.** Sir I will pronounce your sentence: You shall fast a Weeke with Branne and water.

**Clo.** I had rather pray a Moneth with Mutton and Porridge.

**Kim.** And Don Armado shall be your keeper.

**My Lord Berowne,** see him deliuer'd ore, And goe we Lords to put in practice that,

Which each to other hath so strongly sworne.

**Bero.** Ile lay my head to any good mans har,

These oathes and lawes will proue an idle scoone.

**Sirra,** come on.

**Clo.** I suffer for the truth sir: for true it is, I was taken with Iaqueretta, and Iaqueretta is a true girle, and therefore welcome the sower cup of prosperitie, affliction on may one day smile againe, and vntill then sit downe sorrow.

**Enter Armado and Moth his Page.**

**Arma.** Boy, What signe is it when a man of great spirit growes melancholy?

**Boy.** A great signe sir, that he will looke sad.

**Arma.** Why? sadnesse is one and the selfe-same thing deare impe.

**Boy.** No no, O Lord fir no.

**Arma.** How canst thou part sadnesse and melancholy my tender Inuenall?

**Boy.** By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough signeur.

**Arma.** Why tough signeur? Why tough signeur?

**Boy.** Why tender Inuenall? Why tender Inuenall?

**Arma.** I spoke it tender Inuenall, as a congruent apathaton, appertaining to thy young daies, which we may nominate tender.

**Boy.** And I tough signeur, as an appertinent title to your olde time, which we may name tough.

**Arma.** Pretty and apt.

**Boy.** How meane you fir, I pretty, and my saying apt or I apt, and my saying prettie?

**Arma.** Thou pretty because little.

**Boy.** Little pretty, because little; wherefore apt?

**Arma.** And therefore apt, because quicke.

**Boy.** Speake you this in my praise Master?

**Arma.** In thy condigne praise.

**Boy.** I will praise an Eele with the same praise.

**Arma.** What? that an Eele is ingenuous.

**Boy.** That an Eele is quicke.

**Arma.** I doe say thou art quicke in answeres. Thou heat'st my bloud.

**Boy.** I am answer'd fir.

**Arma.** I loue not to be crost.

**Boy.** He speakes the meere contrary, crosses loue not.

**Arma.** I haue promis'd to study in, yerres with the Duke.

**Boy.** You may doe it in an houre fir.

**Arma.** Impossible.

**Boy.** How many is one thrice told?

**Arma.** I am ill at reckning, it fits the spirit of a Tapster.

**Boy.** You are a gentleman and a gamester fir.

**Arma.** I confesse both, they are both the varnish of a compleat man.

**Boy.** Then I am sure you know how much the grosse summe of deus-ace amounts to.

**Arma.** It doth amount to one more then two.

**Boy.** Which the base vulgar call three.

**Br. True.** Boy. Why fir is this such a peece of study? Now here's three studied, ere you'll thrice wink, & how easie it is to put yerres to the word three, and study three yeeres in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

**Brag.** A

**Brag.** A most fine Figure.

**Boy.** To proue you a Cypher.

**Brag.** I will heereupon confesse I am in loue: and as it is bafe for a Souldier to loue; so am I in loue with a bafe wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection, would deliuer mee from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French Courtier for a new deuise'd curtisie. I thinke scorne to sigh, me thinkes I should out-swear Cupid. Comfort me Boy, What great men haue bene in loue?

**Boy.** Hercules Master.

**Brag.** Most sweete Hercules: more authority deare Boy, name more; and sweet my childe let them be men of good repute and carriage.

**Boy.** Sampson Master, he was a man of good carriage, great carriage: for hee carried the Towne-gates on his backe like a Porter: and he was in loue.

**Brag.** O well-knit Sampson, strong ioynted Sampson; I doe excell thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst mee in carrying gates. I am in loue too. Who was Sampsons loue my deare Moth?

**Boy.** A Woman, Master.

**Brag.** Of what complexion?

**Boy.** Of all the foure, or the three, or the two, or one of the foure.

**Brag.** Tell me precisely of what complexion?

**Boy.** Of the sea-water Greene fir.

**Brag.** Is that one of the foure complexions?

**Boy.** As I haue read fir, and the best of them too.

**Brag.** Greene indeed is the colour of Lovers: but to haue a Loue of that colour, methinkes Sampson had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

**Boy.** It was so fir, for she had a greene wit.

**Brag.** My Loue is most immaculate white and red.

**Boy.** Most immaculate thoughts Master, are mask'd vnder such colours.

**Brag.** Define, define, well educated infant.

**Boy.** My fathers witte, and my mothers tongue assist mee.

**Brag.** Sweet inuocation of a childe, most pretty and pathetically.

**Boy.** If shee be made of white and red,

Her faults will nere be knowne:

For blush-in cheekes by faults are bred,

And feares by pale white shewne:

Then if she feare, or be to blame,

By this you shall not know,

For fill her cheekes possesse the same,

Which nature she doth owe:

A dangerous rime master against the reason of white and redde.

**Brag.** Is there not a ballet Boy, of the King and the Begger?

**Boy.** The world was very guilty of such a Ballet some three ages since, but I thinke now 'tis not to be found: or if it were, it would neither serue for the writing, nor the tune.

**Brag.** I will haue that subiect newly writ ore, that I may example my digression by some mighty president.

**Boy.** I doe loue that Countrey girle that I tooke in the Parke with the rationall binde Cosard: she deserues well.

**Boy.** To bee whip'd: and yet a better loue then my Master.

**Brag.** Sing Boy, my spirit grows heauy in loue.

**Boy.** And that's great m

**Brag.** I say sing.

**Boy.** Forbear till this co

**Enter Clowne, Conf**

**Const.** Sir, the Dukes ple stard safe, and you must let h penance, but hee must fast th Damfell, I must keepe her at the Day-woman. Fare you

**Brag.** I do betray my fel

**Maid.** Man.

**Brag.** I wil visit thee at th

**Maid.** That's here by.

**Brag.** I know where it is

**Mai.** Lord how wise you

**Brag.** I will tell thee wor

**Mai.** With what face?

**Brag.** I loue thee.

**Mai.** So I heard you say.

**Brag.** And so farewell.

**Mai.** Faire weather after

**Clo.** Come Iaqueretta, aw

**Brag.** Villaine, thou sh

thou be pardoned.

**Clo.** Well fir, I hope whe

full stomacke.

**Brag.** Thou shalt be heauy

**Clo.** I am more bound to y

they are but lightly rewarded

**Clo.** Take away this villaine

**Boy.** Come you transgress

**Clo.** Let mee not bee per

loofe.

**Boy.** No fir, that were fast

prison.

**Clo.** Well, if euer I do se

lation that I haue seene, some

**Boy.** What shall some see

**Clo.** Nay nothing, Ma

looke vpon. It is not for pri

words, and therefore I will say

haue as little patience as ano

can be quiet.

**Brag.** I doe affect the very

where her shooe (which is b

(which is bafest) doth tread.

is a great argument of falshee

that be true loue, which is fals

miliar, Loue is a Diuell. Th

Loue, yet Sampson was to te

lent strength: Yet was Salomo

a very good witte. Cupids Bu

cles Clubbe, and therefore

niards Rapier: The first and

my turne: the Passado hee re

regards not; his disgrace is

glorie is to subdue men. Adu

still Drum, for your manager

Assist me some extemporall go

shall turne Sonnet. Deuise W

whole volumes in folio.

**Finis Alim**

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